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tinently flees—tableau of disconcerted Irish villainy and triumphant innocence.

Next we have Shamus disguised as the servant of Col. Tarleton (Mr. Holland) safe in Dublin and right in the midst of England's officers, and the proud hirelings of England's despotic rule; having by an adroit *ruse* possessed himself of some valuable papers belonging to Col. Tarleton, he is about to make off with them when Mr. Ryan makes his appearance and denounces him as the outlaw, Shamus O'Brien. This denouement might rather trouble some people, but not so with Shamus who has not received the name of "the bould boy of Glengall" without good cause, so drawing a pistol he valiently fires in the face of England's red-coated minions, and heroically jumps from the window and thus escapes. But it is needless to go through all the adventures and "hair breadth 'scapes" of the "bould boy," suffice it to say that through the agency of Ryan he is in an evil moment captured, his cottage set fire to, and he tried and condemned to die by one of England's proud hirelings in a red gown and bag wig.

This of course puts matters in a very uncomfortable shape, when at the proper moment Sir Derry Down, who, during this time, has fallen desperately in love with Mrs. O'Connor, who has told him that she will marry him when Shamus and Mary are united, enters with a pardon for Shamus. Everybody is of course made happy; Mary falls in the arms of Shamus, Mrs. O'Connor falls into the arms of Sir Derry Down, and Mr. Ryan falls into the clutches of a justly indignant Irish populace, and the curtain falls amid the approving plaudits of loyal Irishmen.

Mr. Bryant's rendition of the title part is thoroughly careful and artistic, with no straining after effect he still manages to carry the sympathies of the audience along with him, and by his excellent acting adds much to the enjoyableness of the play. Mr. Hagan as Ryan is a most unmitigated villain, and in many of the scenes carried off the honors by his excellent performance of a most disagreeable part. Mr. Floyd as Sir Derry Down is very funny and sufficiently foolish to give one a most excellent idea of the bloated aristocracy of despotic Britain. Miss Cooke as Mary is cast to a very small and unimportant part but does it nicely.

The play is well put upon the stage, and some of the scenery and tableaux are very perfect, so let all true lovers of Ireland and haters of England's accursed "scarlet rag" rally to the support of "Shamus O'Brien." SHUGGE.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y., July 27, 1866.

My dear Mr. Watson:

Your lengthy and highly charming e-pistol of the 25th was received yesterday. I called to see you *three* times before leaving town, on purpose to have a "Philharmonic talk," but you were very warm, and on that cake of ice in the cellar, spoken of in your leader of last week's paper, and therefore I had to depart without your musical blessing.

Theo. Thomas was elected Conductor of the "Brooklyn Philharmonic," and probably accepts, &c., &c. I think the arrangements for next season most admirable. Annual subscription \$7 (instead of \$8), no reserved seats excepting 2d tier, (not the best part of the house either). Profession can get subscription for \$5, which will induce N. Y. teachers and others to brave "ye

dangers of ye deep," as connected with the Brooklyn Ferry,

#### PART II.

"Here I am as you diskiver,  
All the way from the roaring river,"

—That is the East river.

Have been here getting brown, fat, strong, and unmusical for a month. "My boat is on the shore," occasionally, but generally floating agreeably all over this delicious pond (not the publisher) with *me* in it. I am learning to swim, also, and am becoming web-footed, and am nearly a duck of a man, (but geese swim, too). For music, I have a superb Grand Piano, sent to me by the never-failing, loving kindness of the Chickering, which is on duty quite as much as is good for it. Right 'round the corner from us, in a lovely little bay, dwells the tuneful, the handsome and the prince of baritones, BELLINI himself, and as we row along or drive by, snatches of "L'Africaine," "Crispino," etc., roll forth from that cottage, charmingly familiar to all of us opera lovers, and no one loves the lake better than the glorious Bellini, and who so ready with a warm welcome, and a good bottle of Italian wine than he. He is mightily interested in the European war, has two handsome brothers fighting for Italy, and if it were not that he must earn his living, would be there too. He has a stalwart arm as well as a powerful and entrancing larynx. You should have seen his enthusiastic self on the 4th of July, in an old scow boat, mounted with a cannon at each end, the "Flag of the Union," and "Italia Mio," on the same staff, and that the limb of a tree. Two other Italians assisted his efforts, and such a saluting! He burned all the powder to be got in the country, and a fierce thunder storm could not drive him from the Lake. Singing half the time, well soaked and patriotic in the extreme, he blazed away all day, much to the delight and surprise of those more lazily inclined. I could write many more good things of this glorious good fellow—the grandissimo of operatic *artistes*, the noble-hearted and impulsive Bellini, devoted to his art, true to his country. It is to be hoped that the American public appreciate how excellent he is and how he loves to please them.

Mr. A. Barilli and pupils gave a very successful concert at Baldwin's Hotel, last evening. Two German operas are announced at Gregory's Hotel for next week. Mr. Barilli is also going to give a concert for the "Italian Fund," next week, at which Bellini will sing.

My boat is ready and I am loudly called for to stop writing. If it is too warm for you to get off that cake of ice yet, you may print this letter, mistakes and every thing.

"My ink is poor, my pen is pale,  
And I'm just going to take a sail,  
Without fail."

Fondly thine own,

WARREN.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

Dr. Nohl, the editor of Mozart's and Beethoven's correspondence, has published a series of essays on musical subjects. The most interesting is the very circumstantial detail of the last days of Beethoven, which does not indeed modify Schneider's account, but adds a good deal from other sources.

There is a report that the "Memoirs" of Talleyrand are soon to be published, after all. M.

de Bacourt, the late professor of the manuscript, provided in his will that the work should not be published until thirty years after his death; but it seems that the Duchess de Dino, Talleyrand's niece, was invested with a veto power over this provision of the will, and she has annulled it. The "Memoirs" will appear, it is said, simultaneously at London, Paris, and Vienna.

The Rev. Mr. Surtees, a clergyman in London, has published a critical work, entitled "Julius Cæsar: Did he ever cross the Channel?" The attention of Louis Napoleon is particularly called to this publication.

M. Alfred de Vigny's executor and friend is publishing extracts from the former's private journal. They do not reflect great credit upon him. They show him to have been impracticable, mawkishly sensible, always on the stair, never natural. Here are some of his best thoughts: "Poverty, aye, I hate it. I hate poverty, not because it is privation, but because it is dirty. If poverty was what David has painted it in 'Les Horaces'—a cold stone house, completely empty, with no furniture but two stone chairs, a hard wooden bed, a plow in one corner, a wooden cup to drink pure water, and a piece of bread and a rough knife—I would bless this poverty, because I am a stoic. But when poverty is a garret, with an apology for a bed with dirty curtains, children in willow cradles, soup on the stove, and butter in paper lying on the streets, I should prefer the coffin and the graveyard. Newspapers.—The shopkeeper of Paris is a king who has every morning at his levee, a fawner or flatterer, who tells him twenty stories. He is not obliged to invite him to breakfast. He reduces him to silence when he pleases, and makes him talk when he listeth. This double friend pleases him all the more, because he is the mirror of his soul, and tells him every day his own opinion in rather better terms than he would have expressed it himself. Take that friend from him, it seems to him the world stops. This friend, this mirror, this oracle, this cheap parasite is—his newspaper. Talleyrand—M. de Talleyrand is dead. Political parties have insulted him, and have gone so far as to write: 'There is in France but one scoundrel the less.' All this indignation is justified by his life. There is an immense stain upon his name; it is because he has become the specimen of elegant and rewarded perjury. Lamennais. He is not guilty because he sought truth, but he is guilty for having affirmed it before he found it.

Baron Marochetti, sculptor, and Mr. George Richmond, artist, have been elected Royal Academicians in London, in place of the late John Gibson and Sir Charles Eastlake.

Mr. Plath, an Asiatic scholar of Munich, has published an interesting book on China and the Chinese. He justly observes that alongside of this Chinese civilization, which is four thousand years old, the Empires of Persia and of Rome appear rather of a transitory character.

During four thousand years China always remained a monarchy, under two different forms—a feudal monarchy in antiquity, and an absolute monarchy since Tshin-chi Hoangti, (221 before Christ,) the founder of the great wall—consequently since over 2000 years. Before the foundation of this absolute monarchy there were only three dynasties, and it is the social and political condition of China during that period which Mr. Plath has endeavored to describe. He assigns to the Emperor Yao, with whom the authentic history of China begins, the year 2357 B. C., and to

the Emperor Yu, the founder of the first dynasty, the year 2205. Ancient China, therefore, fills a period of 2000 years, or just the same lapse of time as New China under the absolute monarchy.

The Chinese migrated somewhere about 3700 to 3000 B. C. from the slopes of the Kunlu to their actual abode. According to ancient accounts, they are said to have numbered no more than a hundred families, which formed a new society, having no knowledge of the use of fire, and dressed in the skins of wild beasts. These statements may be either doubted or accepted; but at the moment when authentic history begins, we find the Chinese to have already constructed canals and cultivated silkworms.

M. Alex. Dumas has returned to Paris. It is said Garibaldi positively refused to see him, despite all the efforts he made to heal the breach between them. Garibaldi was sick and tired of his egotistical vanity, and besides, Garibaldi detests Frenchmen. Here is one of his last letters. They are always amusing:—"The volunteering has led to an event which is not without its drollery. As it is at Florence volunteers are received for all Tuscany, the volunteers who live in Florence are the first ready, and consequently the first enrolled. The consequence is halt the noble mansions of Florence are without servants. Prince such-a-one has not a coachman and has been hunting one in vain the last week. Duke such-a-one has no body servant. Marquis this has no cook and is obliged to dine at the restaurant. Three days ago Mme. Ratazzi gave a dinner of twelve persons to me. At 10 o'clock the day of the dinner I received a line from M'me Ratazzi: "Hasten to me at once, my dear Dumas, and aid us with your advice." I ran at once to her expecting to hear some great calamity had befallen her. I found the household reduced to master, mistress and chambermaid. The body servant, butler and cook had enlisted the preceding day without saying a word, and had only notified their master of the fact that very morning. M'me Ratazzi and I got into a carriage to make some purchases which were absolutely necessary. We met in front of the Buondelmonte Palace our three men amid one hundred volunteers who were marching through the town with a band at their head. The cook had become standard bearer and saluted us majestically by inclining to us the Italian flag."

Somebody recently asked a Parisian editor where he got all his intelligence. "From the newspapers." Where do the newspapers get it? "From other newspapers." But who is the first author of it? "Nobody."

A French window-blind maker has over his shop door: "A. Othello, Fabrique de Jalousies."

Guy Patin wrote in 1653: "Old Theophraste Renaudot died here last month, as beggared as a painter." No man connected with newspapers should hear his name without taking off his hat for "old Theophraste Renaudot" was the founder of newspapers, and, strange to say, the newspaper he established, the 30th May, 1631, is still printed in Paris; it is *La Gazette de France*. "Beggared as a painter" is a phrase which has no meaning now; Mons. Gerome has just sold his "Cleopatra" for \$8000; Mons. Fleury, Jr., has received \$4000 from Count Branicki for his picture, "The Massacre at Warsaw"; the French Emperor has given Mons. Corot \$4000 for his picture, "Evening"; Mons. Courbet was paid \$3000 for his "Deer's Haunt". It seems \$3000 is now the average price of a good picture.

# From the N. O. Picayune. THE FRENCH STAGE.

The new fairy-piece "Cinderella, or the Glass Slipper," proves even more attractive than it was expected. It draws crowded houses despite the intense heat. No wonder! Enormous sums of money were spent on it. Would you like to see some of the bills? There are above 700 people employed every night in connection with the piece, viz., 1 head machinist, 5 head gas men, 5 head electric light men, 5 costumers, 5 seamstresses, 5 shoemakers, 5 property men, 5 magazine men, 5 armorers, 1 head stage manager, 4 deputy stage managers, 76 machinists, 40 gas men, 18 dressing men, 18 dressing women, 20 call boys, 297 female figurants, 116 male figurants, 34 danseuses, 12 infant danseuses, and 24 actors and actresses; total, 711 persons. During the three months preceding the performance 60 women and men were at work making the 896 costumes worn in the piece; for six months before it was played 42 carpenters, blacksmiths, locksmiths, etc., were employed making the machines and scenes. The dry goods bill for silk and golden goods bought in London and Lyons is \$13,000; the stocking, net cost, \$3,600; the embroidery \$3000; the ornaments (made by Granger) \$1880; the shoes, \$2020; the bonnets, etc., \$1500; flowers, \$1220; belts, \$460; diamond shields, \$580; armor, helmets, etc., \$840; feathers, \$560; pasteboard, \$480; "property," \$2140; total, \$31,200. Add the scenery, drapery and mirrors used, which cost above \$20,000, but say only \$20,000. Total, \$51,200. The daily expenses are \$420. It is reckoned the piece will run at least three hundred nights, and take in between \$2,000 and 2,200 a night. The expenses, including \$60,000 original outlay, will be \$186,000 for the three hundred nights; the receipts will be between \$600,000 and \$660,000; leaving in the manager's hands between \$404,000 and \$464,000—a prize worth struggling for!

A Paris newspaper says one feels when one leaves the theatre at the close of Cinderella, like paying for the sight of a dirty old rag just to rest one's eyes!

The Palais Royal Theatre is rehearsing a play by Messrs. Labiche and Choler: "Un Pied dans le Crime."

The Odeon will open in September with a play by Messrs. J. Barbier and E. Froussier: "Le Maître de la Maison."

It is said M'me George Sand and M. Paul Meurice are dramatizing the former's novel, "Mont Reveche."

M. Victor Sejour has written a comedy, "La Volante," for the French Comedy.

The Odeon gives M. Taillade, \$2,500 a year, and M'me Jane Essler, \$2,400, four dollars every time she plays and two months leave of absence paid for.

A new actor has just appeared on the Parisian boards, a rival said of him: That fellow has no talents. Another rival said: You are mistaken—he has the talent of giving dissatisfaction.

M'me Giovanni, wife of the eminent artist, has in rehearsal at the Fantaisies Parisiennes, an operetta, whose score is by her and the book by Messrs. de Lorbac and d'Harneure.

M. Nestor Roqueplan (who was manager of the Grand Opera when *La Prophete* was first played) tells this anecdote: The part of Berthe was created by M'me Castellan, who accepted an engagement at Meyerbeer's suggestion, before she knew anything about this terrible part. When she became acquainted with it she declared it detestable, dangerous, noisy, without any "points," and killing to the voice. She was in the right—so much in the right that every songstress who is in position to lay down the conditions of her engagements, stipulates she shall not be asked to sing the part of Berthe. I told Meyerbeer M'me Castellan's opinion. He replied "It is really extraordinary. I do not un-

derstand it. Do you think it a bad part?" "Oh, dear no!" "That's right! that's right!" "Oh! no; it is not a bad part—it is a bad action."

A young fellow—no matter what his name was—thought he was destined to rival Paganini and be as rich as a banker. So he went to the Conservatory, and worked hard and carried off the first prize for the violin. He rubbed his hands and said: "Now, one concert will suffice to make Paris and the whole world know what I am capable of; and the day after I give it, all I shall have to do will be to stoop down and pick up banknotes and laurel." He gave the concert. There was nobody present but school-fellows to whom he had given tickets, and but half of the school-fellows who had received free tickets were present. He said to himself: "It seems it is not as easy to be successful as I had thought; so I ought not to be discouraged; I will try again next year." The following season he gave a second concert; there were twelve paying auditors, which were not enough to cover a quarter of his expenses. Then he began to give lessons on the violin at 3fr. a lesson, and great was the walking he had to do to procure six pupils. He kept on at this rate for three years, and then he said one morning: "My youth is passing away in a profitless manner. I have had enough of art. I write a good hand, and I am master of arithmetic; so I mean to become a book-keeper. It is the way I—the artist—commit suicide and desert art." As he said all this to himself, his housemaid called out to him: Master, I have three eggs, butter and parsley to make an omelette for you, but devil a bit of wood can I find to cook it withal." He exclaimed in reply—and clapped his hand to his brow as he spoke: "No wood; wait, old lady, and I'll give you wood." He went to his violin case, took out the violin given him as first prize at the Conservatory, carried it to the kitchen and gave it to the cook, saying: "Take this bit of wood and make a good fire with it, for 'tis well seasoned." The servant obeyed, she cooked the omelette, and the musician declared it was the best breakfast he ever ate in his life. He obtained a place under Government and rose rapidly and is now wealthy, comfortable and honored.

It is said Messrs. Arsene Houssaye, de Lesseps and Drouville, have purchased the Bouffes Parisiens Theatre.

M'me. Emma La Grua, the songstress, fell recently at Naples, and broke her leg.

The sun is beginning to melt the receipts of Paris theatres; the 10th June the Vaudeville took in \$120; the Palais Royal \$60; the Porte St. Martin \$48; the Varieties \$36; the Gymnase \$23.20; the sun did not affect Cinderella's receipts much; the Chatelat took in that same date \$1396.

Mons. Dennery, the well known dramatic author, promised a part to a young actress. She told her manager of the promise and then asked: "Is he a man of his word or a joker?" The manager answered: "Both."

A well known Paris sponge saw a dramatic author sitting in front of the Café des Varieties—the Rialto of Paris dramatic authors, where they most do congregate—he ordered a glass of beer, went up to the latter and said: Good day, old fellow; what are you at work on? "Nothing." "Haven't you a book or a drama?" "I have the idea of one." "Well, write it out at once. I'll guarantee it's brought out. I'm going Sunday to Passy and I'll get a preface from Jules Janin for you." "Are you intimate with Janin?" "Intimate with Janin? He told Trouseau the other day if I did not go oftener to Passy than I have been, he would come back to Paris to live—I say I wish you'd lend me a louis; I'll put you in my piece for the Ambigu in place of Anicel (Bourgeois) who is beginning to fatigue me.

A circle of friends were talking at Nohant recently about the marriage of Count de —, who being sixty-five, has just married a girl of eight-